One Dollar Per Year.

THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the conductor, most surely;
Why millions of millions before
Have made this same journey securely
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And ah, what a welcome is there!
Refect then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion Of little black water have we As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea until ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of seas, and all silence
Of passion, concern and of care—
That vast sea of Eden set islands.
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow,
Go forward, friend-led, or alone;
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow
Or fen, in the night and unknown—
Leap off like a thief; try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there!
Go forward! whatever betide you
Don't stop at the station Despair!
—Joaquin Miller, in N. X. Independent.

A NIGHT OF HORROR

Thrilling Experience on the Roof of a Cathedral

Have you never read of a person's hair turning gray in a single night? Of course you have. The old story books are full of such tales. I can remember dozens of them, stories recking with gore and dank with dungeons and grewsome with ghosts or other untimes the hero goes to bed at night with hair as black as the raven's wing and along in the night come the horrors, whatever they are, and in the morning the raven hair has turned a snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never used to take any stock in such stories. I used to hear them read and get up quite a respectable thrill at the most horrible portions, especially when the candle flickered awhile with a ghostly light and then went out, leaving every body in total darkness just as a deep groan was heard or a long shuddering sigh like the wind through the weeping willows in a graveyard. Oh, yes! I was quite susceptible to touching passages like those; and I used to hurry up to bed and tuck my head under the clothes and shiver with the most timid of them. But somehow or other I could not accept the hair-turning part of the story. I knew that hair, black or white, could stand on end, but that a This theory satisfied me until the good head of black hair would bleach itself out between dark and daylight was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a little experience of my own which—but keep my spirits up.

perhaps it is best to tell the story just Oh! the long, long, weary hours I perhaps it is best to tell the story just

It was on the roof of the cathedral at Milan. We had climbed the stairs in the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day after paying the custodian the insignificant price he asked for all the glories visible from the elevated position. We looked through the telscope-for another fee-and had each assured the others that we saw Mount | pain. Blanc perfectly well, without for a moment believing what the others said or convincing them that we told the truth. And we had ended our climbs by ascending to the highest point under the lantern-if it is a lantern-by the cork-screw staircase, which will scarcely permit any but the thinnest persons to pass when one is going up and the other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when the roof was reached the youngest proposed a ramble over that portion of the structure. To this all but myself assented. I was tired and proposed to rest awhile at the foot of the tower stairs, where the others were to pick me up on their return, so that we might all descend together. This was satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable and paid no attention to the passage of time, but I suddenly noticed that it was getting dark and that my companions had not returned. I called to then more loudly, but received no answer. Fearing that they would be belated on the roof I started in search of them. I walked the entire length of the ridge of the main roof and peered down all the side passages in the gathering dusk, but caught no glimpse of my companions. Then I descended to the roof of the aisle and made a search there, which was also fruitless. I be-came alarmed as the light failed and ran from one point to another, calling out as I ran, until I found to my great distress that I had lost my way. could see far below me the lights of the great city and hear the distant rumbling of the carriages as they drove past on the stony streets. But was as effectually lost for the moment as if I had been in the heart of an African jungle without a compass an no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up. In the excitement and despair which the consciousness of this fact produced I rushed about so wildly that I slippe and fell on a long flight of stone ste wet with the dew which had begun t fall. I was not conscious of any serious injury from the fall, but when brought up at the foot of the stairs and tried to regain my footing I found to my despair and horror that I was utterly unable to move my limbs. I was paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is inconceivable. Yet curiously enough I spent the first moments in speculating as to the exact nature of the injury had sustained. Had I broken my back or simply injured my spinal cord? I tried to recall what I had heard my doctor friends say about injuries of similar character, but could not seem to remember anything definite. The words "the can have pair" flashed into my mind and heaths d to connect themselves in so uners I with my condition; but wheth the ticas the fifth pair of nerves or less to something else I could not uncould have been derstand . ithout any sensimotion w

could do

interrupted by a clock striking the hour of midnight I concluded it must have been much longer and wondered

I had not heard the preceding hours Suddenly the full horror of my con-dition flashed upon me. I was not only doomed to remain where I was, helpless and alone, during the long, chilly hours of the night, but there was no certainty that I would ever get away alive. My friends would never dream that I was there. They had un-doubtedly concluded that I had gone down, and if they missed me would search everywhere but in the right place. It might be days before the particular spot in which I lay would be visited, and in that case it would be too late. Starvation would do for me, even if the injury I had received did not. In my anguish Ishricked aloud, but was dully conscious all the time that nobody could hear me. Visitors and custodians alike must have detheir real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish succeeded one of blank despair. I no longer speculated on the possibility of ty, and even of their language; being discovered dead or alive. There at the hands of the most cruel, being discovered dead or alive. There ing the alphabet backward, as I once learned to do in seeking relief from insomnia. Yet at the same time I was conscious that my whole life was passdoes when one is drowning or being hanged. I remembered that saying, too, and without any cessation of the review I wondered in my double consciousness if I were undergoing the sensations of a drowning man or of one being hanged, and I wished I could put them down on paper for the benefit of the rest of mankind. What struck me as singular was that the clocks kept on striking twelve. The second time they did this 1 thought 1 must have lost consciousness for an entire day and that this was the second midnight. But when the third stroke of twelve came from half a dozen clocks I knew it could not be two days since I had fallen. I thought first that I had become demented; and then it not reason about it in that fashion so the clocks themselves must be crazy. striking began again, when I went off in another fantastic speculation. My friends had discovered that I was missing and were having the bells rung to

would bring me any relief, but the prospect of staying where it was endessly midnight seemed unendurable. I groaned and wept and dug my nails but I did not even feel any sense of

It must have been after the clocks had struck midnight a dozen times or more-I kept no exact account-that I saw in the distance at what seemed to be the farther end of the cathedral roof two faint glimmers of light. Presently there were two more, and then two more, until there was a regular procession of them. I tried to shout, but had become so weak with cold and suffering that I could not raise my voice above a whisper. The lights nevertheless approached, growing gradually stronger until I could see that they were borne by several blackrobed figures who were marching beside a coffin. As the procession moved Thrown on a Stoop by an Enemy, the Peel slowly towards me I began to wonder what it meant and whether funerals took place at midnight on the roof of Milan cathedral. Then I speculated a moment on the propriety of disturbing the obsequies even in my extreme need. Suddenly it dawned on me that this was my own funeral, and I knew that I was either dead or had gone mad. In the supreme angulah of this discovery all memory of past suffering was blotted out and I entered on a new period of the most exquisite torture. Fortunately it was of brief duration. As the foremost of the moving figures reached me I felt a grasp on my arm

and a voice called in my ear: "Wake up, father; it's time to be going down. I guess you must have had your yoke turned.

It was my daughter, and beside were the rest of the party, flushed with toward her enemies. "Well, it's a game their ramble on the roof. I straight two can play at." ened out my cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I did, and pulled out my watch. I had been there just fifteen minutes.

my hair really did turn gray in that In the first place there is not much of gray for some years. But I do mean to say that I am no longer incredulous as to the possibility of such a capillary the path during the night.

Change as the story books tell about. I The fence stopped him. am quite sure that if any man or woman really had just such an experience as I thought I had his or her hair would turn gray provided, of course, he or she had any hair that was not gray already. - Detroit Free Press.

The Fox and Grapes. A fox in search of food and adventure espied a large bunch of juicy, unhookable grapes, hanging from a lofty vine. He watched them for some time with hungry eyes. In the meantime a big, soft hen slunk out almost from

under his feet and disappeared in the gloaming. Moral: Often, while a person is building eastles in the air, his golden opportunity on earth skips by. -Albany

The Largest State. You may always depend upon a box

mowing a great deal more than anybody else and saving it right out. A Detroit school-teacher the other day tackled a ten-year-old pupil. "What is the largest state in the

union?" she asked. "Matrimony," answered the boy ompuly, and the teacher has been ring ever since where he got the sion. - Detroit Free Press

THE CHIBCHAS.

Little-Known Contemporaries of the Aztees and Incas.

The rich regions of the Aztecs were discovered in 1519, and the conqueror of Montezuma was already returning to Spain when Pizarro set sail for Peru. In 1533 the empire of the Incas was entirely overthrown; while in 1536 there atili existed, unknown to the world, upon the high tablelands of the eastern cordillera of the Andes an agricultural people composed of more than a million souls, possessing populous cities, forti-fied places and paved roads; an estab-lished priesthood with temples, altars and sacrificest an organized, hereditary government and a standing army; an approximate computation of time; and various industries, and no little intelligence in husbandry. Over this growing civilization of the Chibchas the conquest swept like a hurricane, devastatparted hours before; and even if my ing villages, archives, manufactures and cultivated fields—dispersing the bones low nobody would attribute them to and annihilating the traditions of the miserable Indians. In the course of a few years they were deprived of their independence, their chiefs, their liber-

was a dull leaden feeling at my chest blind, and persistent persecution; and I found myself repeating mechan-ically old rhymes and jingles and say-catalogue of existing nations, their descendants were condemned to complete oblivion of their origin, while the antiquarian was left in the doubt and confusion of fabulous ages with respect to ing in review before me as they say it events which immediately preceded this epoch. The hurriedly written narratives of the conquerors speak of the grandeur of the "Valley of Castles"-Bogota, so called because of the high sdiffces of its cities; of the extensive salt mines of Zipaquira; of the potterles of Tinjaca, and especially of the great riches, the golden decorations, and the upright mummies covered with fine mantles, that were inclosed in the temple of Suamoz, the principal sanctuary of the Chibchas. Nor were these descriptions exaggerated. In our day there have been found in ancient sepulchers the most delicate cotton fabrics, well-preserved mummies, elaborately carved wooden articles of furniture, exquisite vases of baked earth, often imitating the human form and occurred to me that if I were I could the figures of animals, and an infinite variety of golden ornaments and images. Beyond doubt the Chibchas had attained the third place in the civilization of aboriginal America; vet volumes have been written upon the Aztecs and Incas, while the name of this enlightened contemporary is albeen denominated Chibchas because of spent in waiting for a glimpse of day- the frequent recurrence of the syllalight. I had no hope that daylight bles "chi" and "cha" in their tongue, but Humboldt calls them Muiscas or Moscas. According to the distinguished historian Acosta (whose excellent work has been freely consulted into the palms of my hands until it and often translated in the preparation seemed as if the blood would come; of this paper), the term muisca merely signified "people" in their language, and mosea (Castilian for "fly") was probably a corruption of the former, or may have been applied to these Indians

because of the great number that appeared before, and endeavored to stay the progress of the handful of Spaniards led by Quesada. As successful as Cortez or Pizarro, unlike them, this famous captain was never rewarded with the coveted marquisate of Spain, and has lacked the master hand of Prescott to portray the thrilling inci-

quest.-Lieut. Lemly, in Century. WITH BANANA SKINS.

dents of his no less remarkable con-

Proves a Powerful Weapon She walking rapidly up the little walk eading to the front steps of a house on Ferry street. It was her walk and her house, and she had a right to walk any way she chose. That disgusting Brown

family next door might better mind their own business and stop watching her. So she was saying to herself, whenflop! thump!-her feet went from under her and she found herself sitting uncomfortably hard upon that same walk which a moment before she had been treading so proudly. Slowly she picked herself up, and ruefully she looked at the banana peel which had caused her downfall. A half-suppressed titter came from the window of the house next door.

"So that's their trick, is it?" she muttered, scornfully, tossing her head

two can play at." The next morning the old man Brown got up rather early and started to walk down-town. He had barely reached his front steps when he struck some I don't mean to be understood that thing. It carried him off his feet like a cyclone. He went bumpety bump night of horror on Milan cathedral. down the steps. At the bottom he struck something else. It carried him it and what there is has been tolerably along a few feet farther and then shot him into a barbed-wire fence, which had been mysteriously strung across

> The fence stopped him. But what a sight he was! His clothes were torn and covered with mud and ashes. The mud and ashes had also mysteriously got on the path during the night. His flesh was lacerated and bruised and his little finger was broken in two

> He picked himself up and crawled back into the house and up to the room of his youngest son.

"Ben," he said, "was it you put that banana peel on the Widder Smith's walk vesterday?"

"Well, you young rascas, take that for it, and that!" and he began administering kicks on the person of his son till the youngster howled with pain.

Then as he crawled off in search of the arnica bottle be murmured: "I don't blame the widder a bit. It was a mean trick, but it was a blamed sight meaner of her to take revenge on me, when I'm the only one in our family that stood up for her."-Buffalo Ex-

Java's Fame. Teacher-What is the island of Java

noted for? Bright Boy (son of a grocer)-It's oted for th' soffee that used to come from there -Good News.

FOOLED THE INDIANS.

A Lucky Ruse That Saved a Western . Stage-Coach from the Redskins. Mr. Carlyle had many encounters with the Indians while on the plains ia the old days of stage-coaching. He tells of one that has a vein of comedy, as they say of the melodrama. Mr. Carlyle was out with a new driver, fifty miles east of Cottonwood, now McPherson. He found that a band of redskins had taken possession of one his posts, and likewise of the whisky. The whisky had in turn taken possession of them.

The coach was too close to the station for flight, and besides there were about two tons of mail and baggage matter around-too much for fast travel. So Carlyle determined that the only way to do was to brazen the matter out. He drove quietly up to within a hundred yards of the station, and clambering down from his seat coolly set about watering his horses.

The Indians were hilarious. They clustered around Carlyle and greeted him noisily. "How?" "How?" slapping him terrifically on the back. One buck was particularly hearty in his slap, and almost stove in Carlyle's shoulder, maddening him with pain. Carlyle was at the time lifting a bucket of water from the well. With all his giant strength he swung the heavy iron-bound bucket at the Indian's head. The latter ducked and the bucket slipped downward, com pletely enveloping his feathered head. And there the heavy vessel stuck, and the more Mr. Indian tried to wiggle out of it the tighter it stuck.

This struck all the other Indians as highly humorous. They crowded around the unfortunate buck, hooting and screeching. They rolled him along the plain, they kicked him, they buffeted him, they cast handfuls of dust upon him, and had a merry little picnic riding around on their wooden-headed com-

While this picnic was in progress Carlyle was busy. He had cut the straps that held the coach's heavy cargo of baggage, thrown off part of the mail, and bidding his frightened driver to whip up, the coach was soon making good time towards Cottonwood. When the Indians had tired of playing with the bucketed buck and prepared to loot the coach they found it rapidly disappearing. With renewed screeching they raced back to the stables for their ponies, and, mounting, set out in pur-

Carlyle, sitting on the top of the coach, fought them off with his longmost unknown. They are said to have range Henry rifle, and there was a very pretty running fight all the way to Cottonwood, the Indians dropping the pursuit as the town was approached. Kansas City Times.

Exercise for Elderly People. While the elderly man has less capac ity for some forms of exercise than the younger adult, he has no less need than the other of the general and local effects of exercise. It is in the earliest period of mature age that the most characteristic manifestations of defects of nutrition-obesity, gout and diabetes, in which lack of exercise plays an important part-are produced; and the treatment of them demands imperiously a stirring up of the vital combustion. Placed between a conviction that exercise is necessary, and a fear of the dangers of exercise, the mature man ought, therefore, to proceed with the strictest method in the application of powerful modifier of nutrition. It is mpossible, however, to trace methodcally a single rule for all men of the same age, for all do not offer the same degree of preservation. We might, perhaps, find a general formula for the age at which the muscles and bones have retained all their power of resistance. and at which the heart and vessels begin to lose some of their capacity to perform their functions. The mature can safely brave all exercises that bring on muscular fatigue, but he must approach with great care those which provoke shortness of breath. - Fernand Lagrange, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

Inhaling Tar Fumes. A man stood by one of the boiling caldrons of tar used by the Broadway pavers. He was thin, cadaverous and of hectic cheek. Every now and then he visibly choked with the rising fumes of the tar. People looked at him cu riously. He finally coughed rather more violently than before, when a workman gruffly suggested that he might move away if he did not like it. But he didn't move for an hour. "That fellow comes here every day to smell that tar," said a boss. "He's got con-sumption, and somebody told him that the fumes of this tar are good for it. He has inhaled about twenty barrels now, and if he sticks to it until Broadway is paved he'll be a well man or dead-I don't know which."-N.Y. Herald.

In a Police Court. Police Justice-How did you get tha

battered bead. Gentle Jeems-This policeman give it to me. He was asleep in a doorway. Wen I seed that, thinks I, here's a rum chance, so I slips in the next doorway and pretty soon I was peacefully snooz ing, too. I was waked by a bang ove the head by the werry same officer, and when I kicked and told him as how I'd seed him asleep, he said: "That's all right, I do all the sleeping on this beat, and then he ran me in. -N. Y. Mail and

Peddler-Reg pardon, ma'am, but am the agent for Dr. Feeder's Spice Root Bitters, and I'm sure if the mem bers of your family would try them they would soon have the finest appe

Lady at Door-This, sir, is a board ing house. - Good News.

What Alled Him.

Mistress-Bridget, what is that child erying so wildly for? Nurse-Shure, mum, he's just drinked all his soothin' sirap, and et the cork, and I'don't know what now alls him unless it's the bottle he wants to

schwally. - Pharmaceutical Era.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Marie Bashkirtseff's tomb, near Passy, consists of a vault and chapel. Her portrait hangs just above the sarcophagus and is wreathed in flowers in true French fashion, and day and night a lamp is kept burning close by.

-Ex-Minister Bigelow carries around with him the dignified manners which made him a Parisian among the Paris lans, and his tall form and snow-white beard and hair cause him to be a remarkably pleasant subject to look upon if only as a sample of fine old age. -The Grand Duke Michael of Russia

was taken in a few weeks ago by a young Muscovite swindler, who was able by false representation to obtain from his imperial highness a considerable sum of money as well as letters of recommendation and of introduction. -Mrs. Ole Bull takes a very lively interest in Norwegian musical matters.

On the occasion of a Scandinavian musical festival she sang, accompanying herself at the piano. Mrs. Bull also made a speech to the assembled audience, dwelling upon the ennobling effect of music.

-A Zulu prince, the youngest son of King Cetowa Tetowa, is an interesting figure on the streets of St. Louis. The prince is a stalwart young man weighng 180 pounds, with a face of a rich copper hue and curly red hair. He is one of 21 children, his father possessing the luxury of 40 wives.

-A French scientist has compiled some interesting statistics to show that a large percentage of the world's most famous men of learning have been clergymen's sons. This deals a blow at the old saw about "ministers' sons," and as for the "deacons' daughters," many of them, like Mrs. Stowe, the Brontes and Mrs. Trollops, have been

-Leaving the paragraphers to fight it out as to whether the prince of Wales smokes \$1,800 per 1,000 cigars or only smokes \$1,800 worth of cheaper brands in the year, it may suffice to say that he is very fond of a briar-root pipe and some good tobacco, and knows how to color a meerschaum as well as if he had had a very extensive practice at the job.

-An enterprising Frenchman with a fancy for statistics has discovered that Alexander Dumas, the father, is the most widely-read author in France. Millions of volumes bearing his name have been purchased by the French people. Emile Zola, whose publishers sell annually more than 100,000 volumes, and Ohnet, 6,000,00 of whose books are to be found in France, are next to Dumas in popularity.

-Among the recent publications of the American academy of political and social science is a papar on the development of economic science in Italy, by Archille Loria, who is professor of po litical economy and statistics in the university of Siena, Italy. Prof. Loria Is a radical representative of the orthodox political economy, and is without sympathy for the deviations of the optimistic and socialistic schools, and is especially severe upon the "retrogression proposed by the Austrian econo-

HUMOROUS.

-"What is the difference between a chiropodist and a corn doctor?" "Thre€ dollars an hour."-N. Y. Herald.

-Mean.-Miss Binaway-"We had some lovely hops at the beach." Miss Stayatome-"Indeed! What girl did you have for a partner?"-N. Y. Press. -"Money is trouble," sighed old Banker. "No it isn't, either!" exclaimed young Banker. "You can easily borrow trouble."-Baltimore

-"If marriage is a 'failure,' " said Sybil, "what on earth is an engagement?" "Why, only a 'temporary embarrassment," responded Top.—Drake's Magazine

-Mamina-"Now, Elsie, give the principal parts of the verb to break." Elsie (who has not looked at her lesson, brightly)-"Bric-a-brac, broke."-

-The Power of Love .- Mudge-"I

hear that Timmings' girl has induced him to give up his cigars." Yabsley-"H'mh! That's more than any of the boys could ever do."-Indianapolis Journal. -A Woman's Idea.-Frank-"I think

that the man who marries for money is most contemptible." May-"Perhaps: but he is not half so idiotic as the man who marries without money."-Smith's

-The horse runs off and pitches the rider into a neighboring lot. Proprietor of the property comes up indignantly: 'And was not the road, sir, wide enough to fall in without you having to drop in my wheat field?"-Fliegende Blatter.

-Simmons-"So it is true that you are engaged to Miss Flyppe! Well, I Timminssympathize with you." "Sympathize with me, you mean?" Simmons—"No; I shall sympathize with you when she throws you over as she did me."-Indianapolis Journal.

-A nice young man got into a tramcar a few evenings ago, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his with delighted looks. But just as he got there as elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady. "How is your brother?" he asked: "is he able to get out?" "Oh yes!" she answered. "Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested. "Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead." "Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued while the old gentleman broke out in a cold perspiration. "Not at all," she replied, "I had been vaccinated, you know." The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman secwied upon them from the distant corner-London Tidbits

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

Women Rapidly Taking a More Independ-

STILL ADVANCING.

ent Place With Beneficial Results. Among the crowds that entered Oklahoma when a pistol shot proclaimed that the new lands were open to settlement, were a twenty-one-year-old girl board of lady managers. Nothing to who had walked fifteen miles to the border, a negro woman who had walked twenty miles with a baby in her arms and led a six-year-old child, three women on horseback with children strapped behind them, and woman sixty-five years old on horseback. This Oklanoma incident is only one indication of the steady advance woman is making toward an independent position in the life and work of the world. She conquered the professions long ago, and interior decorations will be selected woman lawyers, physicians, preachers, and editors are no longer a rarity. Her right to have as good an education as her brother is also conceded, and that will be a number of exhibits made by she is taking advantage of it is seen in the constantly increasing classes at girls' normal schools and female colleges. One of the latter in Massachusetts has an entering class of 241, where sixteen years ago the class numbered ed in all countries for the purpose of only twelve. Probably every female college and seminary can show a similar growth in its classes. The demand for increased educational facilities for women is not peculiar to this country. It is seen in England and France as is directed more toward the practical and not so much toward the theoretilonger the one avenue along which women are directing their greatest efa new independency in making a matrimonial choice, and more women will contemplate with serenity the chance they have of marrying, as estimated by an English statistician in the following

Between the ages of 15 and 20 years..... Between the ages of 10 and 25 years....... Between the ages of 25 and 30 years..... etween the ages of 3) and 35 years..... Between the ages of 35 and 41 years.

of a necessity, there will be more de- apolis News. liberateness in choosing I consequently fewer unhappy marriages will result. There is no advance which woman can make which will benefit herself and society at large so much as greater independence in marriage. And, whether she gains this independence by making horse-shoes, as Miss Alide Wilder has done in the suburbs of Brooklyn, or by taking the post of engineer on the boat of which her husband is captain on the lower Mississippi, or by managing a horse railroad, as Miss Dow did in Dover, N. H., or by presiding over the best arranged hotel on the Jersey Beach, or by joining the Oklahoma boomers-the great majority of men will applaud, provided, of course, that these occupations do not lessen the chief charms of female onaracter. No one would wish to see that result, and natural laws may be trusted

to prevent it. - Philadelphia Press.

A WOMAN FARMER. and Pleasant Gecupation For the past six years Miss Mary E.

Cutler has carried on a farm in Holliston, Mass. The farm was bought in 1841 by her father, who made a specialty of the nursery business. Miss Cutler, however, has been gradually drifting away from her father's specialty, and now pays much attention to the raising of vegetables for the enterprising manufacturing villages roundabout. Miss Cutler superintends the farming, keeps the books, hires the help and directs what shall be done day by day. She does not by any means make a drudge of herself, but finds time for occasional travel and the exercises of her taste in literature and art. She plays the piano

and paints. The farm contains 68 acres in all, but only 19 are under cultivation. Miss Cutler believes that one of the first essentials of success in this kind of business is having a good-looking team; consequently a market-garden wagon, built expressly for the purpose, with a pair of good horses, is employed in disposing of the produce of the farm, all of which is sold within a circuit of not over six miles. From July to November the team makes daily trips, earlier in the season semi-weekly. cess is due both to the quality and the uniformity of the produce and to the fact that her customers can rely upon her team calling upon them with positive regularity.
Miss Cutler intends to work the land

for all it is worth and to have two crops a year in nearly every case. Planting is going on every week through the whole season to secure a succession of crops or two crops per season. Squash follow beets, turnips follow spinach and Hungarian follows early potatoes, with such other modifications as the season and the condition of the soil demands. Strawberries, blackberries and currants are also grown in considerable quantities. There are also orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. In the early spring the greenhouses and hot beds come into use, and as there are some 9,000 square feet under glass on the farm, this gives an opportunity for hiring help the year round and Miss Cutler finds that she gets bet ter employes by making yearly contracts with as many as possible; greenhouse work in the winter, hot-beds in the early spring, to say nothing of winter jobs in cutting the wood and clearing unreciaimed land, furnish abundant occupation for three or four men the year round, although it is necessary to hire some extra hands through the summer. - Springfield Republican.

Miss L. R. Cooke, an English woman holding high medical diplomas, has don all passed and took their M. B. degone to Seoul, the capital of Corea, to gree. One gained triple first-class open in connection with the mission honors, and another had a remarkable there a hospita, and dispensary for success in the examination of the Boyal

WOMEN AT THE EXPOSITION. Their Work There Will Answer Conclusively All Questions in Regard to Their

A careful reading of Mrs. Potter Palmer's address before the World's Fair Press League will give an idea of the great work that is contemplated under the direction of the World's fair compare with it was ever before undertaken by women, and if carried to a successful completion it will afford a conclusive answer to all questions in regard to their executive ability, their capacity for management and all the cold stock of arguments against extending their sphere of action. The woman's building, erected at a cost of \$200,-000, is now being plastered. The architect was a woman and the statuary and from designs submitted by women. No articles will be placed here which are competing for a prize, but there request because of their special excellence, and these will be grouped in the great central gallery which is to reach from the ground to the dome.

Committees of women will be formsecuring a representative international exhibit of woman's achievements. There will be a library filled with books written by women, the finest specimens of manual labor, an exposition of the kindergarten system, model well as here. The encouraging fact in hospital methods, novel object lessons this latter advance of woman is that it in the charitable and reformatory work conducted by women, practical demonstrations of the science of cookcal. The demand for the ballot is no ery. In the large balls and spacious parlors will be held congresses and conventions, lectures, concerts, etc., while the forts for place and position. They have ornamental gardens upon the roof will found other ways. If woman can prove offer a restful retreat. It will be the her fitness and inclination to make her headquarters for the women of this own living in the world, she will gain and other countries, a place for social and business meetings, a sort of center where all may feel at home. The decision was a wise one to place woman's work in the general exhibit. They are competing not with each other entirely, but with men also. Their productions should stand alone upon their merits, and prizes should be awarded without distinction of sex. Arrangements will be made, however, to distinguish the exhibits which are in part or wholly the work of women, so that Marriage will be looked upon as less work may be ascertained.-Indian-

A NEW WOMAN'S CLUB.

An Association That Will Be Productive of Much Good in Our Social Life.

The college-bred women of New York and its cluster of surrou towns and villages are founding a club of their own where they may meet and exert their influence toward the promotion of literature, art and the hundred other questions in which they are inter-

It is a new idea, born of a desire to effect a higher development in all those departments of life and industry in which intelligent and educated women are peculiarly interested. So far as we can recall, no city in the union has an organization of this kind. If the pioneer one here is what its projectors hope it will be we may be certain that the women in all these cities will follow the example of their metropolitan

The influence of a club of this character laid down on broad lines and intelligently directed would be incalculable. It would count for all that is noble and elevating in our social life. It would be an aid to good government to the highest and best development of the American principle irrespective of mere partisan parties and methods. It would set the standard of good taste, of the proprieties and amenities. The leaders of the new organization are undoubtedly aiming at an ideal such as we have outlined. If they are, they will have set in motion an association which may become one of the very highest products of our nineteenth century civilization.-N. Y. Recorder.

WOMAN WORKERS.

TWENTY young women, skilled in the se of the microscope, have been employed by the government as pork inpectors at Kansas City.

A WOMAN, Miss Mary Snow, is now superintendent of schools in Bangor, and it is generally admitted that she is more competent to fill the post than any man who ever held it. A society of women has just been

formed at St. Petersburg, for the manufacture of children's playthings. This society has arranged extensive workshops, and proposes to open by degrees, in the Russian capital and in other large towns, shops for the sale of its products. THE daughter of Congressman-elect

Baker, of the Sixth Kansas district, a young lady of twenty four years, owns one hundred and forty acre farm near Lincoln, Kas, and has done most of the hard work on it herself for several years. She has big crops this season, and doesn't owe a dollar. MISS CLARA BARTON, president of the

Red Cross society, served in camp and hospital during the civil war, without pay or commission. Charles Sumner once said of this noble woman: "She has the talent of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman."

London is said to have fully eighteen thousand newspaper women, and the Ladies' School of Journalism turns out fresh material at the rate of two hundred a term. There are twenty-two press clubs where the fair scribblers meet to lunch, read and exchange notes. Sucesses are few and salaries lamentably small.

Women are rapidly making their way into the faculty of medicine in England. No fewer than one hundred and seven students attend the London School of Medicine for women. Nine ladies who presented themselves for examination at the University of Lon-University of Ireland